

PANEGYRICK

UPON THE

Most Ancient, Curious,
Honourable and
Profitable

ART

OF

WEAVING:

BY

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(2)
A Penegyrick on the most
Curious Art of *Weaving*.

FROM what bewitch'd unhappy Ignorance,
Do Men despise what they should most Advance?
What Foolishness? Yea madness to deride
The very Thing they absolutely need?
Is Weavers Art contemn'd and set at nought
By Foolish People without Wit or Thought?
A Curious Art of Ancient Pedegree,
And profitable to a high Degree;
What can be said of those who it Despise?
But that they are Distracted or Unwise.
To shew all these Excellencies a part
Which are inherent to this Noble Art,
I first shall with ANTIQUITY begin,
And shew its Need as soon as there was Sin,
To hide the Shame of guilty Nakedness,
Which was not known till Man knew Wickedness;
And tho' the first Apparel that was worn
Was only Leaves in haste from Fig Trees torn,
To serve the present sudden urgent Need,
Yet without doubt Men would with all their Speed
Make Cloaths of Linnen, Cotton, Silk or Wool;
Of Hemp or Hair, wrought by the Loom and Spool;
Because such Rayment Man's use fureth best,
And is much better than Beasts Skins well drest:
And if Men did not suddenly attain
To this rare Art, the Defect must have been
For want of Skill or Incapacity,
To reach an Art of such Sublimity:

(3)
So either Way you tak't, the Art is rare
And may at left ev'n with the best compare.

For USEFULNESS no Art doth this exceed,
Nor for the same can higher Merit plead,
Ev'n from the Prince or Monarch on the Throne,
To Nobles, Gentry, Beggars, yea ther's none,
But want the Weavers Work as soon as Born
For Sweddling Cloaths, by Tender Infants worn,
To keep them Warm and Nakedness to hide,
For where there's Guilt the Shame doth still abide;
And tho' Cloaths cannot Ingraind Guilt remove
They hide the Shame, and thus a Blessing prove,
And do by Figure represent withal
That Glorious Robe which covers Sin and all.

Cloaths do not only for these Uses serve,
To hide the Shame, and from the Cold preserve,
For Decency and Ornament they're us'd,
And sometimes to encourage Pride abus'd;
For which the Weavers are no ways to blame,
Let the Abusers wholly bear the Shame.

All use their Labour from the very Womb
Till after Death, within the Grave or Tomb.
Before we Food can eat, we Cloaths must have,
And Cloaths when we can more Food receive;
And seing Cloaths do Owe the chiefest Part
Of their Existance to the Weavers Art,
The Art by every one must Honoured be
Who use their Labour of Necessity:
Not only for Apperal but for Tents,
For Beds, for Courtins, Skreens and Ornaments
To Benches, Pulpits, Tables; yea the Throne
A Velvet Cloth and Cushon hath thereon,
For Banners, Ensigns, Pendats, Jacks and Flags,
The Coach and Chair of State, yea even the Rags,

Or

Or very Fragments of their Work we find,
 Most useful are up broken Bones to bind;
 For Paper, and for Plaisters to a sore,
 Their Work doth serve for hundr'd uses more,
 In special this amongst all other Things,
 The Weavers only to the Ships make Wings,
 By which those Floating Castles with much speed
 O're Foaming Billows in their Course proceed
 The courtest of their Work, the Corn Sack
 Its usefulness I cannot here neglect
 In which the Farmer carrys to the Kill
 His useful Corn and Meal back from the Mill
 His Victual to the Mercat and his Malt
 His choicest Fruits, and likewise Coall and Salt
 And many other useful Things, all which
 Most necessary are for Poor and Rich

If CURIOUS Work, doth Merit just esteem,
 Most Courious Work, doth pass the Weavers Beam.
 What more Ingenious Work can one behold
 Then Damasks Stuffs, and Ribbons flowr'd with Gold,
 Rich Velvats, Arras, Tapastries most fine,
 Brocards, Gallowns, and Cloaths of Gold that Shine?
 Even to the Dazling the Beholders Eye,
 On Earth we nothing of more Splendor see,
 Than these fine things perform'd by Weavers Art,
 Yet in the Splendor Lies the finalest part.
 Of that Ingine which doth the same Compleat,
 And fashon all by Work of hands and Feet,
 After the Head Maturely hath devis'd,
 How all should be Proportion'd Fram'd, and Siz'd.
 The Pullies, Cords, and shafts in order set
 By Mathumatick Art, the Loom doth get
 A Conjuring, or Astrologick Spell,
 By which the Courious Artist can Fortel

What

What figure shall cast up by this rare Gin,
 After Ten Thousand Threeds are wasted in,
 And every time the Shutle through doth go,
 The Wood of Threeds, the Frame's contrived so,
 It gives into the Web another Face,
 Threeds that were down start up in every place,
 Just as the Cunning Artift hath design'd,
 Yet every Threed is to its place Confin'd;
 Some Yards or more, if so he doth intend,
 Thus he works on before the Figure End;
 Which being finish'd, he again begins,
 To fix his Pullies, Lashes, Cords and Pins,
 In the same Order as they were before,
 And then again he Acts the same thing o're:
 The Threeds all marshal'd in due order stand,
 He General like a Word gives of Command
 To's Aid decamp, to draw the Cord in Front,
 At sight a whole Brigad of Threeds do mount,
 Aloft with Speed, which were before Deprest,
 The Upper Line doth downward go in haste,
 A Lane they make through which the Shutle goes,
 The Trade prest down, again they quickly Close,
 The Lye he handles and strickes home with blows;
 The fible Threed which Shutle brought along,
 Thus with the Web Incorp'rat is made strong.
 Warp Threeds do all in Battel order stand,
 And March and Counter-March at his Command;
 None from their Place or Station start aside,
 Nor out of Rank and File do step a stride:
 Their Ranks they close, the nimble Pullies Wheel,
 By stamp of Foot he doth his Army Drile.
 Each Acts his part upon the Webs surface,
 Which having done return unto its place.
 Just like so many Actors in a Play,

Perform their parts and then do shrink away.

For **SPLENDOR** who with Weavers can contend?

Or who must not the Courious Work Commend?

The greatest Prince or Monarch that doth Live,

Most be beholden to the Men who Weave.

For the Apparel which he putteth on,

Were he in Glory even as Solomon;

Whose Courtins fine, and Tents of Keder are.

In Scripture mention'd as exceeding rare:

Rich Scarlet, Purple, and fine Linnen twin'd,

In Sacred Writ we frequently do find.

Made mention of with mighty Elegance,

And highly praised for their Excellance,

Of which was made that Glorious Sacred Tent.

Which through the Desert with the People went.

In which the Divine Brightness did appear,

And none but hallowed Priests the same might bear.

A Prince and Weaver of the Tribe of *Dan*:

Aboliab Inspired, was the Man

Who Wove the Sacred Courtains every one.

And all the Vestments that the Priests put on

When they the holy Function Exercis'd.

And burnt Frank Infence when they Sacrefies'd.

Richly the Courtins he Embroidered,

And Arons Robes, and Mitter for his head.

Ev'n all the Robes which the High Priest did wear,

Breastplate and Ephod when he did appear.

In day of Consecration in the Tent,

And had the Oyl pour'd on his head, whose sent

Perfum'd the Air, and did his Robes O'reflow,

Whose drops descending to its Hem did go.

The Sacred Text doth likewise further tell,

The Saints and Martiers, who in Glory Dwell,

Bright Shining Robes of Linnen do put on,

In hallowed Light before th' Eternal Throne,
 And tho' we must beleive the Glory there,
 Transends the finest Linnea every where,
 The Airt is Honour'd, every one most own.
 By which the Figure of that Glories shown.

If none of all these Topicks urg'd above,
 Preswade Mankind the Weaver Art to Love,
 I add one more, which gen'rally prevails,
 When Argument's of Truth and Reason fail.

That is the PROFIT which this Art doth bring,
 To every one who will promot the Thing.
 If we the Weavers Art, at large shall take,
 Including all who Labour Cloth to make;
 Which is no stretch, because we often find,
 The Chiefest part includeth all the Kind:
 The Mason's said to build a House alone;
 Tho Borrowmen, and Quarriers of Stone,
 Lime Men, and Cairters bringing Stone and Sand,
 Do all Concure to lay things to his hand.
 With equal Justice Weavers may contend,
 All to include subservient to their end.
 If Weavers then we Clothiers shall call,
 And with them rank their own Dependants all.
 All such as Dress the Flax, Comb, Card and Spin;
 All these who Bittle, Boill, Reell, Wash and Win;
 All these who Mix and Sort, Bletch, Dye and Press,
 And at Cloth making Labour more or less;
 Near half of mankind one may justly say
 Sustained are, or earn their Bread this Way.
 The Profit must be vast, yon may believe,
 By which so many Hundred Millions Live.
 This Art for Gain not only doth Transcend,
 the provdest Art that dare with it contend,
 But brings more Profit than all Arts beside,
 The Art of Agriculture laid aside,

If we with Agriculture shall include
All sorts of people who prepare Mens Food,
And that it may be further made appear,
Consider only who do Rayment wear;
The vast Consumpt of Weavers Work is such,
All other Manufactures not so much,
The truth of this if any Man doth doubt,
Let him at leasure only copy out
The price of all the Rayment by him Worn,
And other Goods he us'd since he was born,
Of every kind together reckon'd all,
The Ballance sure to Rayments side will fall;
Vivers except, which were except before,
He'll find Cloaths most, if not a great deal more.

Another thing doth much the Art commend,
Their Labour is more fit abroad to send
Than Manufactures made by other Arts,
'Cause at less Charge convoy'd to foreign Parts:
Besides the home exceeding vast consumpt,
Which cloatheth Thousands in their greatest Pomp,
As well as Millions of the meaner sort,
This happy Isle doth annually transport
Cloth to more value than all other Goods,
That are from hence transported o're the Floods.
Moreover thus the Art commendeth much,
The nature of the Weavers Work is such,
The greatest Artist that's below the Sun
Hath Room therein full Latitude to run,
And meanest person who can Reell or Win
May bear a part to be employ'd therein.
By Gyants here the bottom is not found,
Yet smallest Dwarf may wade and not be drown'd.

F I N I S

